

To the Right Honourable
HUMPHREY PARSONS

Lord Mayor of the City of LONDON.

A
Congratulatory P O E M
U P O N

His LORDSHIP'S Accession
to the Chair.

By EDWARD WARD.

Parve (nec invideo) sine me liber ibis in urbem:

Hei mihi! quod Domino non licet ire tuo.

Ovid. de Trist.

L O N D O N :

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PREFATORY ADDRESS

— To all the

Loyal Citizens of LONDON:

Especially the Worthy Members of the

Church of ENGLAND.

GENTLEMEN,

THE following Poem is not only design'd to congratulate my Lord Mayor upon his accession to his high Office ; but also to remind you of his Lordship's steddy and exemplary Zeal for the Establish'd Church, which he never fail'd to shew, in the best Manner, upon all Publick Occasions. Nor could any Magistrate give a more sincere verbal Testimony of his

A Prefatory Address.

good Intentions towards the City in general, than his Lordship vouchsaf'd to do, in his kind and generous Speech upon his Election to the Chair, wherein he was pleas'd to say, viz. That his Heart and his House should be always open to his Fellow-Citizens: An Expression worthy of the greatest Orator in the Kingdom.

The three chief Magistrates of the City may, in some measure, be compar'd to Astræa's Ballance, and if the Two Scales prove but as Even as the Beam is True, to which they are now hung, you need not fear but Justice will be distributed with the utmost Exactness: Tho' the united Sectaries, in some particular Cases, should endeavour to obstruct its currency.

Not but there are many worthy Families of Dissenters in the City of London, who, of themselves, desire nothing more than to quietly enjoy their own Method of Devotion; but, when they unhappily fall under the political Influence of designing Leaders, they may insensibly be made Instruments in the Hands of such cunning Artificers, whose Schemes are not always calculated for the Good of the Publick; therefore, if you mean to be Safely Wise, you must be Daily Vigilant.

Or if, upon due retrospection, you happen to find any of the Sepiments or Fences of your ancient Privileges impair'd, thro' the Indolence or Supineness of former Magistrates, or weaken'd by the mercenary Condescensions of such miserly Trustees as have found out Ways and Means to make their Markets of Authority; you have now a glorious opportunity of repairing all such Breaches, if any there be, and of strengthening that excellent Bulwark

A Prefatory Address.

Bulwark of your City Liberties, the Common-Council, especially if you do but timely engage your several Interests for such Persons of Integrity, as are justly qualify'd to be Members of that Worthy Body, and shall be put up by Churchmen as Candidates in the next Election.

In all your Publick Proceedings, wherein the Church-Interest is concern'd, take care that you remember the following Maxim, viz. As Policy without Religion is too subtle to be good, so Religion without Policy is too simple to be safe. Therefore, so far as it may be justifiable, take Example by your Adversaries, in using all reasonable Arts and politick Endeavours to support your own Community; for, whoever is attack'd by way of Stratagem, may, according to the Laws of Self-preservation, make use of the same Means in their own defence.

Nor, is there any better Way of demonstrating your Zeal for the Establish'd Church, than by promoting and upholding, upon all publick Occasions, the Honour and Interest of such worthy Citizens as stedfastly profess the same Principles with your selves, and would never be drawn, by any worldly Temptation, to recede from the Dictates of their own Consciences.

I shall not apologize for the Liberties taken in the following Poem, or for the rough handling of so polite a Subject, any otherwise, than that the principal Motives which spur'd me on to this bold Undertaking, were the unfeign'd Zeal and Veneration I have for his present Lordship in the Chair, his worthy Family, and all such Trusty Friends as have exerted themselves in his
Inte-

A Prefatory Address.

Interest; and if my well-meant Performance does but meet with a tolerable reception at their Hands, it will more than recompence the honest Endeavours of,

Gentlemen,

Your most humble but unfortunate Servant,

EDWARD WARD.

who finds too much Reason, at present, to call to Mind the following Distich,

Dum fueris felix, multos numerabis amicos;

Nullus ad amissas ibit amicus opes.

From the *British Coffee-House* in *Fullwood's Rents*, near *Gray's Inn*; where this Poem, and any other of the same Author's Writings, may be had, Bound or Single.

To

To the Right Honourable
HUMPHREY PARSONS,

A
Congratulatory Poem.

My LORD,

SINCE Great *Apollo*, with his Harp in hand,
Does on the Summit of *Parnassus* stand,
Commanding e'ery Muse to sing or play
A joyful Hymn, to this auspicious Day,
And to salute you with their Pens and Tongues,
As you in Triumph pass admiring Throngs;
My fading Muse, with worldly Cares oppress'd,
Craves leave to pay her Tribute with the rest,
Hoping her Off'ring, like the Widow's Mite,
May be receiv'd, tho many Grains too light,

Since

Since a poor trifling Present, kindly meant,
 With due Submission by the Donor sent,
 Augments its Value by his good Intent.

Hail, worthy Elder, for the Publick born,
 An Honour to the Robe thou long ha'ſt worn ;
 Thrice welcome, Sir, to the Prætorian-Chair,
 The Seat of Wiſdom, Juſtice, and of Care,
 Where true unbias'd Merit ought to ſhine,
 Such as the World muſt own is truly Thine,
 Ting'd with no Av'rice, no imperious Pride,
 No Party Malice tow'rds an erring Side,
 No ſecret Views againſt the Common-weal,
 No ſelfiſh Cunning cloth'd with outward Zeal,
 No fervile Temper to become a Tool
 To thoſe that wou'd Aſpire, or thoſe that Rule ;
 But, maugre all the Schemes to gull the Town,
 None could e'er fully thy untarniſh'd Gown,
 Lord of thy Self, thy Conduct is thy own.

Nor can the fruitless Grins of Envy slur
 The Virtues that adorn your Character,
 Which, free from partial Heat or borrow'd Light,
 Shine of themselves conspicuously bright,
 Unvarnish'd by the poor deceitful Arts
 Of those obsequious Tools call'd Men of Parts,
 Who make a common Warehouse of their Wit,
 And dish out Praise as artful Cooks their Meat,
 With fulsome Elogies please e'ery Taſt,
 Make wicked Statesmen Juſt, c——t Harlots Chaſt,
 Humour the Pride of thoſe that bear the Sway,
 Obſcure the Vices of the Rich and Gay,
 And gild the Follies of the Great for Pay.

My barren Muſe, tho' humble, cannot bend
 To Flatt'ry, ſhe's too much your Lordſhip's Friend,
 She's paſt the frothy Vanities of Youth,
 And hopes to merit your Eſteem by Truth,
 Tho' few, that great Authorities poſſeſs,
 Can even bear her Shade, her Subſtance leſs;

Because, tho' beauteous, yet the Wicked find
 Her looks are dreadful to the guilty Mind,
 Distastful to unworthy Knaves and Fools,
 As Light is hateful to the Bats and Owls :
 But you, discerning Sir, whose daily Care
 Is still to cherish the celestial Fair,
 In all Debates, *Astræa's* Cause defend,
 And uncorrupted prove her constant Friend ;
 With open Arms embrace her undisguis'd,
 When by the World rejected and despis'd ;
 Bor'n down by erring Numbers, yet, we see,
 She has a faithful Advocate of Thee,
 Who, aw'd by neither Power, Time, or Place,
 Durst appear Honest, with an open Face,
 And do a Patriot's Duty with a comely Grace.

Some restless Souls, impatient of Delay,
 Attempt to climb a short, but crooked Way,
 And labour, by ignoble Arts, to gain
 What blameless Worthies only should obtain :

Men of strict Honour, who, in e'ery Choice,
Have a just Tide to the People's Voice;
Tho', by false Polls and other Steps awry,
They may i'th' Face of Justice be put By,
And temporizing Sycophants be made
The Guardians of that City-Princess, Trade;
Such as would blindly run into Extremes,
And boldly propagate destructive Schemes;
Or be seduc'd to drudge away their Hours,
In the dark Service of commanding Pow'rs,
And wilfully suspend the timely Care
Of civil Int'rest, from some C——t Affair,
In whose alluring Projects always lie
Such golden Baits, as tempt the Miser's Eye;
A Wretch that does unbounded Wealth pursue,
And is to nothing but Self-Int'rest true,
In Practice, less a Christian, than a Jew.

Others there are that love the *Good Old Cause*,
From Pow'r excluded, by our wholesome Laws,

Did not their tender Consciences comply
With sacred Bonds, their very Souls deny;
But no Reforming Saints e'er barr'd the Door,
Against the sinful Lusts of Wealth and Pow'r;
The strongest Fences are but weak and lame,
That stand betwixt Authority and them;
Vows, Oaths, and Sacraments, in such a Case,
Are trivial Barriers to the Lambs of Grace;
No thorny Bounds their Av'rice can impede,
They'll creep thro' any Hedge for better Feed,
But soon return, by second Nature led,
To their old Pasture, where they first were bred:

Thus, the known Enemies of Church and State,
In spite of humane Laws, grow Rich and Great,
Their private Ends to publick Good prefer,
And safely leap o'er e'ery sacred Bar,
Like wanton pamper'd Horses kick and snort,
And make all legal Sepiments their sport;

Climb

Climb Fortune's Wheel, by surreptitious Means,
 Deride the Church with pious Leers and Grins,
 And undisturb'd enjoy the Profit of their Sins.

}

These are the crafty Sticklers, who, of late,
 Did, by false Polls, such civil Feuds create,
 And by bad Votes, and other Steps awry,
 Labour'd, in vain, to raise their Leaders high;
 Supporting their accustomary Wrongs,
 With jost'ling Elbows and reproachful Tongues;
 Till Your good Conduct baffl'd Party-Rage,
 And Thunder-struck the *Phaeton's* of the Age,
 Who, having lost their Honour, look'd shagreen,
 And fell a Prey to their own Party-Spleen;
 But, had the Motly-race secur'd the Prize,
 Wonders by this time had amaz'd our Eyes,
 And nothing heard, when their distemper'd Wits
 Had turn'd their foaming Zeal to godly Fits,
 But Reformation bellow'd thro' the Streets.

}

At length, the losing Candidates, ashamed
 Of the successful Poll themselves had claim'd,
 Finding their noisy Numbers much too thin,
 Gave up the Game, they had no Pow'r to win;
 Leaving their envious Vot'ries to repair
 The Loss of Honour, 'twas a Pain to bear,
 Whilst others worthy of the People's Choice,
 Went off applauded with a gen'ral Voice.
 So, when the Jockey has fatigu'd his Horse,
 Whip'd, jostl'd, spur'd, rid-foul, but lost the Course,
 He sneaks away obscurely, damns the Plate,
 And leaves his Betting-friends to curse their Fate;
 Whilst he that wins the Prize, makes others glad,
 And quits the Field much honour'd and huzza'd.

Rome, in the Books of Fame, long since, inrol'd,
 And by the learned World so much extol'd,
 Not only for her Schools and Men of Parts,
 But Wisdom, Justice, Valour, Arms, and Arts,
 And all the thriving Virtues that could raise
 A growing City, in those early Days,

Took

Took care to choofe fuch Rulers as purfu'd
 No other Int'reft than the Publick-Good,
 Till ſhe became, by her refiſtleſs Force,
 The Miſtreſs of, almoſt, the Univerſe;
 Gave Laws, not only to her neighb'ring Crowns,
 But diſtant Kingdoms trembl'd at her Frowns,
 Solicited her Friendſhip, at a Time,
 When Tyrants thought no Wickedneſs a Crime,
 But with their Armies, in unequal Fights,
 Subdu'd their Neighbours and uſurp'd their Rights;
 In all ſuch Caſes, 'twas the *Roman* Pride
 To do ſtrict Juſtice to the injur'd Side,
 And with her valiant Legions to chaſtiſe
 Invading Pow'rs, as publick Enemies;
 Till Riches, Plenty, Luxury and Pride,
 The Bane of Nations, when too long enjoy'd,
 Begot that Monster, *Faction*, by degrees,
 That reſtleſs Foe to Juſtice, Truth, and Peace,
 Who, to deceive the Publick and diſguiſe
 Her ſullen envious Looks from common Eyes,

Did with the Mask of Reformation skreen
 Her threat'ning Brows, too frightful to be seen;
 With this fair Vizard she seduc'd the Crowd,
 And made the Pop'lace insolent and proud,
 Inspir'd unletter'd Slaves with Self-conceit,
 And turn'd Obedience to rebellious Heat,
 Till the prime Leaders of the brainless Rout,
 Swarm'd in the Senate and kept Wisemen out,
 Encreas'd their Numbers by unlawful Means,
 And made a gainful Market of their Sins.
 Avarice, the Spawn of Faction, then began,
 And, like Infection, spread from Man to Man;
 Hence Brib'ry sprung, with her alluring Gold,
 And crept into the Palms of those that rul'd;
 Justice, O! ancient venerable Name,
 Tho' blind before, was now both Deaf and Lame,
 And daily rais'd her Price, from much to more,
 Till grown alas! too costly for the Poor;
 Honours and great Employments in the State,
 Rewards that did before on Virtue wait,

Were

Were now to Market sent, and e'ery Post
 Resign'd to Knaves or Fools that bid the most ;
 Whilst Worthies only could dejected stand,
 And mourn their Country's Ruin, near at hand ;
 Therefore, let other Nations look at home,
 And take due Warning by the Fate of *Rome*.

Thus rising Empires, like a hopeful Child
 When young, prove vertuous, innocent, and mild ;
 But if supinely govern'd in their prime,
 They grow debauch'd and waſt their Strength in time ;
 By their own Follies haſten on their Fate,
 And periſh by Diſtempers they create :
 In ſhort, the greateſt Monarchies on Earth
 Muſt die, as ſurely as they once had Birth,
 Like human Bodies form'd of brittle Clay,
 They have their Riſe, their Bloom, and their Decay,
 And like old Heroes, e're they quit the Stage,
 Their paſſive Tameſneſs will their End preſage.

Thus, all imperious States, as well as *Rome*,
 When Party-clashing Zeal strikes Fire at home,
 Like blazing Stars will burn 'till they themselves
 consume.

But, ancient *Rome*, in her exalted State,
 When rich in Vertue and in Power great,
 Tho' crouds of Worthies dwelt within her Walls,
 And gallant Legions muster'd at her Calls,
 Ne'er chose, with all her Vigilance and Care,
 A worthier Elder to the Prætor's Chair
 Than *London*, jealous of so high a Post,
 Can now with Safety to her Honour boast;
 A steddý Patriot, arm'd against reproach,
 Too Just for any factious Tongue to touch,
 Loyal and prudent to a high Degree,
 In converse, neither too reserv'd or free,
 To Church and King immoveably inclin'd,
 Gen'rous and affable to all Mankind,

Titles, he covets not, has Wealth enough,
 Yet thinks a Blast of Honour but a Puff,
 And rather would be stil'd by all that write,
 A Master-Brewer, than a servile Knight,
 Such as, long since, by those that bore the Rule,
 Were only dub'd to be some Statesman's Tool,
 But now our grand Metropolis may boast
 A Ruler, more than equal to his Post,
 Whose upright Soul above Temptation soars,
 And artful Schemes for private Ends abhors ;
 Nor harbours in his Veins one Drop of Blood,
 But what inclines his Heart to publick Good ;
 No magisterial Pride or stern Grimace,
 Eclipse his Temper or disguise his Face,
 But his Deportment shews to publick Eyes,
 The Elder worthy, and the Patriot wise,
 Who with those City-honours is alone
 Content, without distinction from the Throne.
 Honour, in Notion, may refine the Blood,
 And make a proud Man Great instead of Good ;

But, when kind Providence has nobly join'd,
 A copious Fortune to a gen'rous Mind,
 They make the lib'ral Worthy truly bright,
 And often raise the 'Squire above the Knight,
 That courtly Blast which does the Lawyer please,
 And with the Doctor equally agrees,
 Giving to both a Title to excessive Fees.

To you, my Lord, the City's worthy May'r;
 Whose Character brings Honour to the Chair,
 My humble Muse, on this Triumphal Day,
 Addresses what she further has to say;
 No Elder, e'er arriv'd with less Debate,
 Or more Applause, to your superior State;
 No factious Snakes their hissing Tongues employ,
 But all salute you with Excess of Joy,
 Knowing the People's Love and publick Praise
 Would prove too pow'rful for their rude Effays,
 And should they dare to give the least Offence,
 Would soon chastise 'em for their Insolence;

None,

None, in contempt of envious tugs and grins,
E'er climb'd Authority by fairer means:
Besides the Choice, that makes your Title good,
You have a Right inherent in your Blood,
And like successive Kings, may justly boast,
That your good Father held the same high Post,
And by his wise and steady Conduct taught,
Succeeding May'rs to Rule without a Fau't;
If you wou'd govern well, from Error free,
His Conduct must your great Example be,
Place all his worthy Deeds before your Eye,
Tread but his Steps, you cannot tread awry,
Envy her self must sleep, when we declare,
A worthier Elder never fill'd the Chair,
And all her Brood be silent, when we praise
So good a Man, in these ingrateful Days.
Tho' fled to Heav'n, we scarce can think him gone,
Since the World daily sees him in his Son,
In whom we find and justly may admire,
The active Soul and Virtues of the Sire,

Be

Be what he was, let nothing New intrude,
Stand but the Ground your worthy Father stood,
And as your Virtues do like his excel,
The Church and all good Men will wish you well.

No Elder, sure, was ever more belov'd,
No May'r, so universally approv'd,
No Magistrate, less partial in a Cause,
And none more worthy of the World's Applause,
True to the Church, whose Interest you espouse,
Mild with her Foes, as far as Heav'n allows,
In e'ery Scheme, for publick Good design'd,
Sincere and indefatigably Kind,
Prideless and Generous, easy of Access,
Forward to help the Needy in Distress,
Quick in good Actions, but to Anger slow,
A faithful Friend and a forgiving Foe.

Now, to her comfort, may the City see,
She has a Father, and Lord-May'r in Thee;

No avaritious Hunx, no party Tool,
But one that will Defend as well as Rule,
And all impair'd Advantages restore,
To Widows, Orphans, and the lesser Poor ;
No servile Muckworm, treach'rous to his Trust,
That labours to be Rich, instead of Just,
Whose glow-worm Merits do the Nation hurt,
And shine the brightest in the blackest Dirt,
Like Touch-wood in the Dark deceive the Sight,
But lose their Lustre in a genuine Light,
What ! tho' their publick Speeches may be fine,
And do good Service in a bad Design, }
Their greatest Virtues are but Foils to thine. }
Forgive my Muse, Monition may be thought
A daring Freedom, even to a Fau't ;
But Poets claim a Parentage divine,
As Sons of great *Apollo* and the *Nine* ;
Not Wealth but Wisdom of their God they seek,
And with a Prophet's Boldness ought to speak.

No graceful Member of the scarlet Court,
Can with a nobler Mien himself deport,
In all Debates, your steddy Mind is shew'd;
None more tenacious of the Common-Good;
Too firmly fix'd to be seduc'd or aw'd;
Belov'd at Home, and Honour'd much Abroad;
Wealthy and Wise, impregnably secure,
Against the golden Baits or Storms of Pow'r;
Bless'd with a Lady, whose indulgent Care,
Makes you as happy, as her self is fair,
Whose lovely Off-spring crowns your nuptial Joys,
And shews that Heav'n approves your prudent Choice,
With whom kind Nature has vouchsaf'd to trust
The brightest Graces Flesh and Blood can boast;
A Lady, by the judging World allow'd
To be divinely Good, and never proud,
Pious, Obsequious, charitably Free,
And all that a religious Wife can be,
Whose awful Presence makes her Seat a Throne,
And stirs up Rev'ence in the Lookers-on,

Such

Such Heav'nly Gifts to Youth and Beauty join'd,
 All wisely govern'd by a virtuous Mind,
 Shining with those good Qualities you bear,
 Like Jems adorn your magisterial Chair,
 The groundless Envy of the World defeat,
 And make your nuptial Happiness compleat.

When mighty Men court popular Esteem,
 The World admires their Equipage, not Them;
 But when, my Lord, your honour'd 'Spouse and You
 Appear, tho' not in Pomp, to publick View,
 The People's Hearts with Gratitude are fill'd,
 And joyful Transports make 'em raving wild,
 In loud Huzza's, they publish your Renown,
 And with their vocal Thunder shake the Town;
 Whilst *Envy*, trembling at your near approach,
 Sinks down in Fitts, and groans beneath your Coach.

Shou'd pow'rful *Bacchus* from his Throne descend,
 And visit *England* as a toaping Friend,

Where all the modern Bottle-Race incline
 To genuine Malt, instead of morbid Wine,
 With your rich Amber would he oil his Chaps,
 And for the Barly-mow, renounce his Grapes,
 Confess his Tuns, wherein he stows his Wine,
 To be but Runlets, if compar'd to thine,
 Bow down his proud Divinity to Thee,
 And own your Lordship more a God than He;
 Or should he, now his fruitful Vines are press'd,
 His Vats replenish'd and his Slaves at rest,
 Upon a *Malmsey*-Butt, through *London* ride,
 Guarded by *Vintners*, in their Liv'ry-Pride,
 The God, amidst his Bacchanals must halt,
 Beg Pardon for his bold presumptuous Fault,
 And wave his Crown of Grapes, to you great King
 of Malt.

For Wines of foreign Growth, as Doctor'd here,
 Are but meer Wash to your salubrious Beer,

Th' enliv'ning Products of your artful Trade,
By canvass Wings to distant Worlds convey'd,
Not only quench the Drought but chear the Heart,
And to the languid Wretch new Life impart.

Both *Indies*, bless'd by Thee, prolong their Days,
And o'er thy smiling Amber, sing thy Praise :
Amber ! That Extract, which admits no Fraud,
That Cordial Julep to our Friends abroad,
Which gives more Vigour than the Food they eat,
And oils their shrivel'd Intrails parch'd with Heat.

Nor, do thy mant'ling Liquors only cool,
The scorch'd Dominions of the *Great Mogul*,
And yield to drougthy Regions near the Line,
A sweet Refreshment far surpassing Wine ;
But warm the shiv'ring *Russians*, chear their Souls,
And thaw the frozen Slaves beneath the Poles,
Foment their torpid Muscles, and remove
The Numbness that impedes their nuptial Love,

Fit the kind Husband for his Wife's embrace,
And prompt him to beget a hardy Race :
Thus, like the Satyr's breath, renown'd of old,
Thy noble Juice, to foreign Nations sold,
Imparts to diff'rent Climes both Heat and cold.

In Children, Health and Wealth may you abound,
And your own Virtues in your Brood be found,
So blended, that in them we may review
The Graces that adorn your Spouse and You,
Such ornamental Blessings as, of late,
Are seldom cherish'd by the Rich and Great,
And in this jarring Nation, to her Shame,
Have lost their Being and almost their Name :
Who then, your timely Conduct can arraign ?
In sending forth your Darlings cross the Main,
That, whilst they're train'd in so refin'd a Place,
Where Faction fears to shew her ugly Face,
They may imbibe, from all Corruption free,
Sound Principles of Truth and Loyalty,

Such

Such, as their worthy Parents, to their Praise,
Early imbib'd and stedfastly profess.

May *Jove* conduct you, with celestial Care,
Thro' all the Windings of each grand Affair,
That, with due Caution, you may tread secure,
In the dark Lab'rinth's and Fatigues of Pow'r,
Till you resign the Sword with no less Fame
Than your unsully'd Hands receiv'd the same:
May your well-guided Life appear no less
Than one continu'd Series of Success,
Bless'd with such Reputation as no Tongue
Can tarnish, or invidious Faction wrong,
But that the World, in this nefarious Age,
When present Mischief future Ills presage,
In you, with joyful Wonder, may behold
A Magistrate above the Reach of Gold,
Sincerely Honest, and as justly Bold.

May

May Heav'n your Lady's happy Days prolong,
 And keep her always fruitful, fair, and young,
 That, 'midst her Charms, she may reserv'dly shine
 Like *Pitt's* Diamond, but be ever thine.

May all your hopeful blooming Issue prove,
 Obedient Pledges of your nuptial Love,
 Flourish like Blossoms of the Palm, now young,
 And grace the worthy Stock from whence they sprung,
 Encrease in Virtue, as they rise in Years,
 Till their inherent Merits make 'em Heirs,
 Not only to your Wealth, but Characters.

7 Long may their Mother and her Lord the May'r,
 Survive the short-liv'd Honours of the Chair,
 And when their Father shall resign the Sword
 To other Hands, and be no more my Lord,
 May he with Pleasure to his Seat retire,
 And change the Style of Lordship into 'Squire,

There,

re, with his Lady live, amidst his Store,
 lov'd and much more Honour'd than before,
 In alike prosper, from Misfortunes free,
 And mutual Love their endless Comfort be,
 Till They, blest Husband and the best of Wives,
 With whom indearing Concord dwells and thrives,
 Reform the marry'd World by their exemplar Lives.

More would I say, but 'tis my *Muse's* Fate,
 To prove unequal to a Theme so great;
 At least, she's caution'd or restrain'd by Fear,
 That Truth should tempt her to approach too near,
 And make her vainly labour to rehearse,
 Virtues, too lofty for her barren Verse,
 Such as fit brooding in your loyal Breast,
 And shine in friendly Conversation best.

Pardon, my Lord, the freedom of my *Muse*,
 own she's bold, but hopes for your excuse;

Let

Let Criticks snarl, the Characters are true,
 The World I value not, but you I do,
 What ! if my *Muse* distasts the rhyming Croud
 The Subjects noble, that must be allow'd,
 Your Virtues make the dull Performance shine,
 'Tis you that give a Lustre to each line;
 (And tho' such Wits as wou'd be thought supreme
 Who claim a Title to the World's Esteem,
 May damn the Poem, they must praise the Theme.

